

# Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1883.

NO. 186.

MONDAY will be court day in Carlisle.

ONE of W. T. Overby's twin children died yesterday.

THE stable of Stone Walker, burned at Richmond. Loss, \$1,200.

W. T. PAUL & CO. moved their saloon yesterday, to Singer's new building.

THE State Grange will meet in grand conclave at Falmouth, next Tuesday.

A DARKEY sold 75 rabbits in town in less than thirty minutes, at 10 cents each.

LET'S have a public Christmas tree at the Opera House. What say ye, young folks?

THE Cincinnati Southern has put on a fast line between Chattanooga and Cincinnati.

COUNTERFEIT silver dollars, dated 1880, are worrying the business men of Mt. Sterling.

FRANK CELLA, alias Frank Peculiar, has a fine stock of Christmas fruits at the hole in the wall.

ONE man in Madison county lost the meat of seventeen hogs, by hot weather spoiling the same.

THE earnings of the K. C. road during November '83, are \$4,050.00 more than of November '82.

ROBERTSON county has a doctor to every 125 voters. No wonder people are emigrating.—[Democrat.]

As a humorist and lecturer, Mr. Burdette is simply immense and nothing too good can be said of him.

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Fire at Hopkinsville Wednesday in the business portion of the city damaged property to extent of \$15,000.

THE jury in the Wing murder case at Princeton failed to agree. Seven were for acquittal and five for conviction.

ELD. J. W. HARDING, of Winchester, has accepted a call to preach for the church at Falmouth for the ensuing year.

SPEAKING of the Kentuckian endorsing the free turnpike system, a type of that office says it endorses nothing but Barnes.

Hogs are said to be dying with cholera over the state. The butcher knife is also said to be working sad havoc with them.

SUGGS, the Kentuckian who killed Manager Platten, and another murderer named Frisbie, have escaped from the Cartersville (Ga.) jail.

WM. RANKIN, who was taken suddenly ill a few nights ago at the Bourbon House, is paralyzed through one side of his entire body, and there are no hopes of his recovery.

THE frame work on Shaw's new mill has been shovved up heavenward four stories high, and will be a massive structure when completed.

JUDGE DENNY was acquitted at his examining trial at Lancaster, on the charge of murdering J. H. Anderson, on the grounds of self-defense.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the Senate of the Virginia Legislature calling upon United States Senator William Mahone to resign.

THE faithful of Winchester didn't take time to have services in any of the churches on Thanksgiving day—and Winchester calls herself a city, too.

FRANK JAMES' trial for the Blue-cut robbery has been set for January 14 and bail fixed at \$3,000. It is said he will offer bond and be released shortly.

A MAN calling himself A. T. Jones, from Lexington, Ky., is under arrest in Cincinnati, charged with stealing a horse from a man at Georgetown, Ky.

DR. HOWARD won the \$200 mare raffled off by Jeff Elgin Tuesday night, and sold her back to Jeff for \$90. There were 100 chances taken at two dollars each.

THE jury in the Robbins and Smart case disagreed at Flemingsburg, and were discharged Wednesday. Eight were for conviction and four for acquittal.

SAM McDANIEL, toll-gate keeper on the Georgetown and Lexington pike, shot and fatally wounded a colored chicken thief in his hen house, named "Hog Henry."

JAS. KING and John Edwards confessed the charge of picking pockets at the Lexington fair, and have been sentenced five and three years respectively, to the penitentiary.

SEVERAL Cincinnati men have incorporated a line of steamboats known as the Burnside and Cumberland River Company, to ply between Point Burnside and Burkesville.

GEO. HICKS, the colored desperado who cut the marshal and deputy at Flemingsburg in such a shocking manner, is out on bail; eleven of the jury being for a fine of \$250 and one for the penitentiary.

THE Richmond Herald brags on a 26 pounds turkey. Pshaw! That's merely an orphan turkey compared with some that have been slaughtered here. Bourbon's blue-bronze stock can beat that.

THE Presbyterian ladies having profited by their recent cake sale, have determined to have another one on a larger scale, before the holidays, of which due announcement will be given, regarding date.

WHY all this grand rush of men, women and children every day and night at Croxton's? Well, if you should peep in and see all of New York there in way of Christmas goods, you would discover the answer.

ZOE. CROXTON has given over his large new store room to old Santa Claus until after Christmas, and it is now stored with everything in the toy and fancy notion line. In fact, you cannot name an article which can be found in New York, but what he has in stock.

THE farmers of Clark county whose farms are lying on the roads leading into Winchester, are beautifying their farms by setting out maple trees all along the roads. Bourbon farmers should follow this laudable example.

INSKO, the young man that killed Ishmael at Pinhook about two years ago, was in Bourbon county a few weeks ago, and perhaps is there now. There is an indictment against him for murder.—[Mt. Olivet Democrat.]

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## SCINTILLATIONS.

—Why not have a Christmas hop?

—Thos. Waller and family, from Nicholasville, have gone to Florida.

—W. L. Davis left last night for the East, to purchase a lot of Jersey.

—Cal. Darnell has returned home to Carlisle with his new wife, from Iowa.

—Wm. Myall and the Rev. Mr. McMillan have gone to Flemington county, on a week's hunt.

—Capt. Ed. Taylor, Lab. Sharp and other commercial evangelists, were in town yesterday.

—Mrs. W. B. Victor, the mother of "Marie Prescott," the actress, is visiting relatives in Frankfort.

—W. H. Wangh and W. W. Talbert, of Nicholasville, are jurors in the U. S. Court at Covington, this week.

—J. Soule Smith of Lexington, has gone to Washington as correspondent of the Cincinnati News-Journal.

—Mr. Herod Osborne, a Virginian, is stopping at the Bourbon House, and is getting up a dancing school.

—Theodore Nix and wife, of this city, are becoming residents of Clay City, on the Kentucky Union Railway.

—Messrs Garret Davis, Prof. A. Gutzeit and "Scrub" Webb, of this city, acted as the groom's best men at the Nix and Horne nuptials, in Cynthiana, Tuesday.

—Col. Swopes is at Washington listening to the death rattle of the grand old party; and as he feels its fast-diminishing pulse, holds his head sideways and attempts to wear the Kentucky Union Railway.

—A panel of fifty jurors were examined in the Nutt murder trial at Unlinton, Pa., and one secured. Nutt's counsel moved for a change of venue to Allegheny county and secured it. The defense will be emotional insanity.

—A MEETING of the distillers of the State of Kentucky has been called to meet at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, on Wednesday, December 12, for the purpose of organizing a pool to control the production of whisky throughout the State.

—C. N. STRINGFELLOW, of Carrollton, Ky., got bunkered out of \$150, in Cincinnati, Tuesday.

—He was one of those fellows who hadn't time to read the paper which he "tuck," and consequently "didn't know anything about them fellers."

—No editor can be on the pad seven days out of every week and make a paper that will compare with one on which the editor bestows twelve honest hours six days of each week—and the people are beginning to open their eyes to that fact.

—Editors Kehoe and Craddock are hanging around the free lunch counters at Washington and Morey is basking in the sunny smiles of a new wife; in the meantime the people all have to turn their weary eyes to the BOURBON NEWS for local and editorial intelligence of a sparkling nature.

—W. J. Kehoe, editor of the Cynthiana Democrat, has been appointed Private Secretary to Speaker Carlisle, at Washington.

—This may be a good thing in Mr. Kehoe accepting this remunerative position for the winter, but we do not think so. The editor of the paper has this year declined two positions of \$1,200 per annum on city papers, and preferred to stick to his obligation to his patrons and give them the worth of their money, being his own boss and yielding to the dictates of none.

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—Elder Wm. Sweeney, of Horse Cave, is the guest of his brother in this city. He has been called to the pastoral charge of the Christian Church at Bowling Green, and will move there the first of January,

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# THE NEWS

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1860, 1000

Golden in its color,  
Only of the two the wheat  
Is by far the dullest.

In the late October;  
Full of fun in jesting times;  
Tender in the sober.

Lips that make you feel  
All the time like tasting;  
So much sweetnes seems sin  
To be idly wasting.

Hands but little hands,  
Dimpled deep and ruddy;  
Just the kind of hands you know,  
For a lifetime study.

When the cows come up the lane,  
When the sun is setting,  
When the dew is falling soft,  
Grass and daisies wetting—

Jane, Jr., stands beside the bars,  
And I stand beside her,  
Feeling that I'd like to have her.  
All that may betide her.

Share the bad and bitter things;  
Share the sweet and honey;  
Share her smiles and share her tears,  
Share the old man's money.

Little lumps, fast in my throat,  
Please to skip and let me  
Tell my love of all my love  
That has long beset me.

O ye gods! to love's young dream  
What a brisk death-rattle!  
Stop that spooning, Nancy Jane,  
And hurry up the cattle!"

Jane, Jr., to the milking specks,  
A dutiful sixteen-year;  
While I seek some quiet spot,  
Cussing Jane, the Senior.

—Chicago Tribune.

## AN ODD ADVENTURE.

Tom Morcombe was in love and in debt—two circumstances which considerably disturbed his equanimity. His pecuniary embarrassments were less serious than his love affair; for the former were of a temporary nature, while the latter threatened to be permanent. The combination made him restless and anxious to avoid the society of his fellowmen, so he packed up his portmanteau and started off to refresh his weary soul by a week's solitude by the sad sea waves. Slocom-super-Mare was his destination, but when he arrived there he found, to his intense disgust, that the quiet seaport town was in a state of turmoil, being on the eve of a contested election. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morriston, a small fishing village a few miles up the coast.

Tom was in an unsociable frame of mind, and he never even looked at his fellow-passengers. The compartment in which he traveled was full, but he resolutely buried his face in the newspaper, and read steadily on till he reached his station. When the train slackened speed at Morriston, he dragged his portmanteau off the rack and alighted on the platform with a blessed sense of relief at the prospect of a few days of absolute quietude.

The aspect of Morriston was eminently calculated to soothe his nerves, for at that period of the year he had the place all to himself. There was no other guest at the little inn where he took up his quarters; the native population was represented by a few children and old men; the bathing machines were drawn up high and dry above the deserted beach, and the most complete desolation prevailed. Tom Morcombe wandered for an hour or two along the seashore with perfect satisfaction, and then returned to the inn.

He undid the straps of his portmanteau and unlocked it in an absent frame of mind, but without any misgivings. He even began to throw the contents, pell-mell, upon the bed, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that there was something wrong. A gaudy pair of worked slippers, first aroused his suspicions, and upon further inspection, he perceived that the portmanteau, though it was the counterpart of his own, evidently belonged to some one else.

It immediately occurred to him that, in his hurried exit from the train, he had appropriated a strange portmanteau by mistake. At first he was disposed to blame his own carelessness, but he was not in a mood for self-accusation. He then commenced to launch hearty imprecations at the head of the other fellow, and to speculate on what had become of his own property.

From the point of equality of exchange there was not much to choose between the two portmanteaus and their respective contents; but when Tom reflected that his contained, among other things, a precious photograph and a lock of golden hair, he became angrily convinced that he had the worst of the bargain.

He was seized with a feverish anxiety to recover his property, and finding among the stranger's luggage a sealed letter addressed to a Mr. Burrows, of Bilechester, a town about thirty miles off, he resolved to go on there immediately. Doubtless he would succeed, with the assistance of Mr. Burrows, in tracing the person who was the bearer of the letter.

He accordingly traveled to Bilechester by the afternoon train, which improved his temper by taking the longest time on record in doing the journey. When he reached his destination he found he could not get back to Morriston that night; so that he had to put up at a hotel.

Without a moment's delay, he called at Mr. Burrows' residence, a modest house in the suburbs of the town. When the servant opened the door, he handed her the letter rather unceremoniously, and requested to see her master; but the girl explained that Mr. Burrows was not within, and that she did not know when he would return, so he contented himself with writing the name of his hotel on one of his cards, and leaving a message that he would call in the evening.

He returned to his hotel in an unamiable mood, but having done ample justice to a capital dinner, he recovered his good humor. After all, his own portmanteau would turn up, sooner or later, and meanwhile he need feel no scruple about making use of the stranger's property. This reflection occurred to him while smoking a soothing cigar after a decent bottle of claret, and he consequently resolved to postpone his visit to Mr. Burrow's till next morning. But just as he was thinking of going

to bed, the waiter came and handed him a parcel and a visiting card. The parcel was neatly done up in brown paper, and bore no name or inscription. The accompanying card, to his great surprise, was his own—the one he had left at Mr. Burrow's house.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Tom, as the waiter prepared to leave the room.

A young person called just now and left the parcel for the gentleman whose name was on the card," said the man, lingering.

"Was there no message?" inquired Tom.

"No, sir; only the parcel was to be given into your hands directly," returned the waiter.

Tom began to perceive that there had been a misunderstanding. No doubt the parcel had been sent by Mr. Burrows in consequence of the letter he had delivered, and was intended for some one else. It was rather a strange proceeding to return a visitor's card, but probably the messenger had bungled over his mission. The most likely explanation seemed to be, that Mr. Burrows, imagining that the bearer of the letter had left the wrong card by mistake, had sent it back with the parcel. At all events Tom was too sleepy to speculate over the matter, and lie therefore carried the parcel up to his room, intending to return it when he called upon Mr. Burrow's in the morning.

He was rather surprised at the weight of the package, which was out of all proportion to its size, and when he got upstairs he was seized with curiosity to know what it contained. As it bore no address, he felt, under the circumstances, justified in opening it, and he therefore cautiously undid the wrapper. Inside the brown paper covering was a neat deal box, also without address or inscription. It was nailed down, but the fastening was by no means formidable. After a few minutes' hesitation Tom whipped out his pocket-knife and pried open the lid sufficiently to be able to take a peep inside. Another covering—tissue paper this time—bailed his curiosity, but on lifting the edge of this he beheld a gleam of gold. His amazement now overcame his scruples, and without more ado he wrenches off the lid completely.

"Sovereigns, by Jove! The box is literally full of them!" he muttered below his breath.

Tom could hardly believe his eyes, but he soon convinced himself that he was not mistaken. The sovereigns were neatly arranged in closely-packed layers, and, as far as he could judge, the box contained £500 at least.

He proceeded to do up the parcel again in an absent manner, while he speculated upon the meaning of Mr. Burrows' conduct. Even assuming the box was intended for some one else, it seemed an extraordinary proceeding to leave a large sum of money at a hotel in such a reckless way. He had previously ascertained that Mr. Burrows was a retired tradesman of very good repute, and from all accounts he appeared to be the last person to commit such a rash and unbusiness-like action.

This singular incident somewhat disturbed Tom's night's rest, for it seemed as though fate had placed in his hands the means of freeing himself from his pecuniary embarrassment. There was nothing to prevent his appropriating the money and making off with it, and as it was all in gold there would be but little risk of detection. Of course, he was too honorable to seriously entertain such a project; still, the temptation was so vivid that he quite longed to disbar his master of his treasure.

"Pooh! pooh! It's all nonsense," interposed Mr. Strawbridge, turning very red, and glancing apprehensively around him.

"But what did the note mean then?" cried Tom, not relishing the statement. "The money was sent to me because I was believed to be your messenger."

"Hullo, Strawbridge!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, significantly.

"Gentlemen, I assure you this is an unworthy manoeuvre of our opponents," said Mr. Strawbridge, raising his voice.

"It is an attempt to convict me of bribery and corruption. I know nothing about the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

"Shame! shame!" burst from the excited bystanders; and Tom, who was by no means disposed to take this rebuff calmly, suddenly became the object of popular indignation. Before he had time or opportunity for remonstrance, his hat was crushed over his eyes, and he was violently ejected into the street. But he clung to the precious parcel with dogged determination, and managed to carry it away with him.

"I called about this parcel," said Tom. "It was left at my hotel last night, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask Mr. Burrows?"

The servant disappeared again, but presently brought back word that Mr. Burrows did not understand what he was alluding to, and knew nothing about any parcel.

"What?" exclaimed Tom in amazement. "Why, it was left at my hotel last night with the card which I delivered into your hands at the door yesterday afternoon. Of course, I imagined it must have come from Mr. Burrows."

"Mr. Burrows says he don't know anything about it," said the girl, looking mystified.

"You have got my card, I suppose, and the note?" said Tom, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir; directly he came in," said the servant.

"This is most extraordinary. Just go up to your master again, my girl, and repeat what I have told you. You might also ask him if he would kindly let me know the contents of the note I delivered," he added, as an afterthought.

Before Tom had time to collect his scattered ideas, the servant came back again, looking rather scared, with an envelope in her hand, which he recognized as the note he had brought the day before.

"Terrible forbidding me to come near him again," said the servant, laying the note on the table. "He is in a dreadful passion. He says it's a cock-and-bull story, but you'd better go and see the letter."

"A cock-and-bull story is it?" growled Tom, snatching up the letter. "It strikes me I'm being made a fool of anyway. Hullo, what does this mean?"

He had opened the envelope, and found it contained nothing but a plain sheet of letter paper and a card. The latter bore the name of

Mr. A. C. STRAWBRIDGE,  
Solicitor,

SLOCUM & MUNN.

and beneath was written in pencil:

"Barker suspects both him."

"Well, I'm dumbfounded. Listen, my girl; this is all nonsense," broke forth Tom, impetuously. "Here I am landed with a confounded parcel that I know nothing about. Go and tell your master I must see him—or, at all events,

ask him what I am to do with this?"

"I don't go near him, sir," said the girl shrinking back. "Besides, he particularly said I wasn't to take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

"Very well, then," said Tom, in desperation. "It is all a mistake, but if he won't see me, I shan't take any more trouble."

With this, Tom marched out of the house in a great state of indignation, but with an odd sensation that fate had

decreed he should keep the money. He

would have left the parcel with the servant, in spite of Mr. Burrows' injunctions, if he could only have felt that he was doing right. It seemed hardly likely, however, that a person would deny all knowledge of such consignment; if he were really the sender. It is true that Tom was inclined to doubt Mr. Burrows' veracity, on this point, but, after all, he might be mistaken. He hurried back to his hotel, and questioned the waiter who had taken in the parcel, the man, however, adhered to his story, and was quite certain that Mr. Burrows' name had never been mentioned. After all, the circumstances which connected that gentleman's name with the parcel was left at the house and Tom had done his best to follow up his clue.

As there appeared to be no one in the hotel who expected to receive a parcel; Tom resolved to apply to Mr. Strawbridge, of Slocum, to elucidate the mystery. In his excitement he had forgotten all about his portmanteau; but it now occurred to him that Mr. Strawbridge could explain the whole affair, for Tom still suspected that the parcel had been intended for the messenger who had carried the letter; and upon reflection he felt more and more convinced that Mr. Burrows, for some mysterious reason, had deliberately attempted to deceive him.

Tom traveled to Slocum by the earliest train, revolving these things in his mind, and at the end of his journey, having re-collected the impending election, he had formulated his ideas a little. He was hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Strawbridge was the Conservative agent, and though it had been given out that the election was to be conducted on party principles, he began to feel a little suspicious. He called upon Mr. Strawbridge at his office, but discovered that he was attending a noisy meeting of his party at the assembly-rooms. Tom waited patiently until the proceedings broke up, and then took the earliest opportunity to accost him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Strawbridge was a fussy, self-important individual, and little suspecting the delicate nature of Tom's communication, he declined to accede to his request for a private interview, but roughly requested him to state his business on the spot. His manner put Tom's back up, and although there were several persons in hearing, Tom did not hesitate to inform him that he had been entrusted with a box of sovereigns to deliver to him. Tom then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and his story caused a perceptible stir among his bystanders.

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"I called about this parcel," said Tom. "It was left at my hotel last night, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask Mr. Burrows?"

The servant disappeared again, but presently brought back word that Mr. Burrows did not understand what he was alluding to, and knew nothing about any parcel.

"What?" exclaimed Tom in amazement. "Why, it was left at my hotel last night with the card which I delivered into your hands at the door yesterday afternoon. Of course, I imagined it must have come from Mr. Burrows."

"Mr. Burrows says he don't know anything about it," said the girl, looking mystified.

"You have got my card, I suppose, and the note?" said Tom, after a pause of astonishment.

"Yes, sir; directly he came in," said the servant.

"This is most extraordinary. Just go up to your master again, my girl, and repeat what I have told you. You might also ask him if he would kindly let me know the contents of the note I delivered," he added, as an afterthought.

Before Tom had time to collect his scattered ideas, the servant came back again, looking rather scared, with an envelope in her hand, which he recognized as the note he had brought the day before.

"Terrible forbidding me to come near him again," said the servant, laying the note on the table. "He is in a dreadful passion. He says it's a cock-and-bull story but you'd better go and see the letter."

"A cock-and-bull story is it?" growled Tom, snatching up the letter. "It strikes me I'm being made a fool of anyway. Hullo, what does this mean?"

He had opened the envelope, and found it contained nothing but a plain sheet of letter paper and a card. The latter bore the name of

Mr. A. C. STRAWBRIDGE,  
Solicitor,

SLOCUM & MUNN.

and beneath was written in pencil:

"Barker suspects both him."

"Well, I'm dumbfounded. Listen, my girl; this is all nonsense," broke forth Tom, impetuously. "Here I am landed with a confounded parcel that I know nothing about. Go and tell your master I must see him—or, at all events,

ask him what I am to do with this?"

"I don't go near him, sir," said the girl shrinking back. "Besides, he particularly said I wasn't to take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

"Very well, then," said Tom, in desperation. "It is all a mistake, but if he won't see me, I shan't take any more trouble."

With this, Tom marched out of the house in a great state of indignation, but with an odd sensation that fate had

decreed he should keep the money. He

would have left the parcel with the servant, in spite of Mr. Burrows' injunctions, if he could only have felt that he was doing right. It seemed hardly likely, however, that a person would deny all knowledge of such consignment; if he were really the sender. It is true that Tom was inclined to doubt Mr. Burrows' veracity, on this point, but, after all, he might be mistaken. He hurried back to his hotel, and questioned the waiter who had taken in the parcel, the man, however, adhered to his story, and was quite certain that Mr. Burrows' name had never been mentioned. After all, the circumstances which connected that gentleman's name with the parcel was left at the house and Tom had done his best to follow up his clue.

As there appeared to be no one in the hotel who expected to receive a parcel; Tom resolved to apply to Mr. Strawbridge, of Slocum, to elucidate the mystery. In his excitement he had forgotten all about his portmanteau; but it now occurred to him that Mr. Strawbridge could explain the whole affair, for Tom still suspected that the parcel had been intended for the messenger who had carried the letter; and upon reflection he felt more and more convinced that Mr. Burrows, for some mysterious reason, had deliberately attempted to deceive him.

# THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS : : : KENTUCKY.

JANE, JR.

Jane, Jr., has hair like wheat—  
Golden in its color,  
Only of the two the wheat  
Is by far the dullest.

Eyes as brown as nuts that fall  
In the late October;  
Full of fun in jesting times,  
Tender in the sober.

Lips that sometimes make you feel  
All the time like tasting;  
So much sweetness seems a sin  
To be idly wasting.

Hands—such handy little hands,  
Dimpled deep and ruddy—  
Just the kind of hands, you know,  
For a lifetime study.

When the cows come up the lane,  
When the sun is setting;  
When the dew is falling soft,  
Grass and daisies wetting—

Jane, Jr., stands beside the bars,  
And I stand beside her;  
Feeling that I'd like to share  
All that may befall her.

Share the bad and bitter things,  
Share the sweets and honey;  
Share her smiles and share her tears,  
Share the old man's money.

Little lumps, fast in my throat,  
Please to skip and let me  
Tell my love of all my love  
That has long beset me.

O ye gods! to love's young dream  
What a brish death-rattle!  
"Stop that spooning, Nancy Jane,  
And hurry up the cat-tie!"

Jane, Jr., to the milking speeds,  
A dutiful sixteen-year,  
While I seek some quiet spot,  
Cussing Jane, the Senior.

*Chicago Tribune.*

## AN ODD ADVENTURE.

Tom Morecambe was in love and in debt—two circumstances which considerably disturbed his equanimity. His pecuniary embarrassments were less serious than his love affair, for the former were of a temporary nature, while the latter threatened to be permanent. The combination made him restless and anxious to avoid the society of his fellowmen, so he packed up his portmanteau and started off to refresh his weary soul by a week's solitude by the sad sea waves. Slocum-super-Mare was his destination, but when he arrived there he found, to his intense disgust, that the quiet seaport town was in a state of turmoil, being on the eve of a contested election. Not being pleased with this state of things, he moved on the next day to Morriston, a small fishing village a few miles up the coast.

Tom was in an unsoociable frame of mind, and he never even looked at his fellow-passengers. The compartment in which he traveled was full, but he resolutely buried his face in the newspaper, and read steadily till he reached his station. When the train slackened speed at Morriston, he dragged his portmanteau off the rack and alighted on the platform with a blessed sense of relief at the prospect of a few days of absolute quietude.

The aspect of Morriston was evidently calculated to soothe his nerves, for at that period of the year he had the place all to himself. There was no other guest at the little inn where he took up his quarters; the native population was represented by a few children and old men; the bathing machines were drawn up high and dry above the deserted beach, and the most complete desolation prevailed. Tom Morecambe wandered for an hour or two along the seashore with perfect satisfaction, and then returned to the inn.

He undid the straps of his portmanteau and unlocked it in an absent frame of mind, but without any misgivings. He even began to throw the contents, pell-mell, upon the bed, when suddenly he awoke to the fact that there was something wrong. A gaudy pair of worked slippers first aroused his suspicions, and upon further inspection, he perceived that the portmanteau, though it was the counterpart of his own, evidently belonged to some one else.

It immediately occurred to him that, in his hurried exit from the train, he had appropriated a strange portmanteau by mistake. At first he was disposed to blame his own carelessness, but he was not in a mood for self-abasement. He then commenced to launch hearty imprecations at the head of the other fellow, and to speculate on what had become of his own property.

From the point of equality of exchange there was not much to choose between the two portmanteaus and their respective contents; but when Tom reflected that his contained, among other things, a precious photograph and a lock of golden hair, he became angrily convinced that he had the worst of the bargain. He was seized with a feverish anxiety to recover his property, and finding among the stranger's luggage a sealed letter addressed to a Mr. Burrows, of Bilchester, a town about thirty miles off, he resolved to go on there immediately. Doubtless he would succeed, with the assistance of Mr. Burrows, in tracing the person who was the bearer of the letter.

He accordingly traveled to Bilchester by the afternoon train, which improved his temper by taking the longest time on record in doing the journey. When he reached his destination he found he could not get back to Morriston that night, so that he had to put up at a hotel.

Without a moment's delay he called at Mr. Burrows' residence, a modest house in the suburbs of the town. When the servant opened the door he handed her the letter rather unceremoniously, and requested to see her master; but the girl explained that Mr. Burrows was not within, and that she did not know when he would return, so he contented himself with writing the name of his hotel on one of his cards, and leaving a message that he would call in the evening.

He returned to his hotel in an unamiable mood, but having done ample justice to a capital dinner, he recovered his good humor. After all, his own portmanteau would turn up, sooner or later, and meanwhile he need feel no scruple about making use of the stranger's property. This reflection occurred to him while smoking a soothing cigar after a decent bottle of claret, and he consequently resolved to postpone his visit to Mr. Burrow's till next morning. But just as he was thinking of going

up stairs to bed, the waiter came and handed him a parcel and a visiting card. The parcel was neatly done up in brown paper, and bore no name or inscription. The accompanying card, to his great surprise, was his own—the one he had left at Mr. Burrow's house.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Tom, as the waiter prepared to leave the room.

"A young person called just now and left the parcel for the gentleman whose name was on the card," said the man, lingering.

"Was there no message?" inquired Tom.

"No, sir; only the parcel was to be given into your hands directly," returned the waiter.

Tom began to perceive that there had been a misunderstanding. No doubt the parcel had been sent by Mr. Burrows in consequence of the letter he had delivered, and was intended for some one else. It was rather a strange proceeding to return a visitor's card, but probably the messenger had bungled over his mission. The most likely explanation seemed to be that Mr. Burrows, imagining that the bearer of the letter had left the wrong card by mistake, had sent it back with the parcel. At all events Tom was too sleepy to speculate over the matter, and he therefore carried the parcel up to his room, intending to return it when he called upon Mr. Burrow's in the morning.

He was rather surprised at the weight of the package, which was out of all proportion to its size, and when he got upstairs he was seized with curiosity to know what it contained. As it bore no address, he felt, under the circumstances, justified in opening it, and he therefore cautiously undid the wrapper. Inside the brown paper covering was a neat deal box, also without address or inscription. It was nailed down, but the fastening was by no means formidable. After a few minutes' hesitation Tom whipped out his pocket-knife and pried open the lid sufficiently to be able to take a peep inside. Another covering—tissue paper this time—baffled his curiosity, but on lifting the edge of this he beheld a gleam of gold. His amazement now overcame his scruples, and without more ado he wrenched off the lid completely.

"Sovereigns, by Jove! The box is literally full of them!" he muttered below his breath.

Tom could hardly believe his eyes, but he soon convinced himself that he was not mistaken. The sovereigns were neatly arranged in closely-packed layers, and, as far as he could judge, the box contained £500 at least. He proceeded to do up the parcel again in an absent manner, while he speculated upon the meaning of Mr. Burrows' conduct.

Even assuming the box was intended for some one else, it seemed an extraordinary proceeding to leave a large sum of money at a hotel in such a reckless way. He had previously ascertained that Mr. Burrows was a retired tradesman of very good repute, and from all accounts he appeared to be the last person to commit such a rash and unbusiness-like action.

This singular incident somewhat disturbed Tom's night's rest, for it seemed as though fate had placed in his hands the means of freeing himself from his pecuniary embarrassment. There was nothing to prevent his appropriating the money and making off with it, and as it was all in gold there would be but little risk of detection. Of course, he was too honorable to seriously entertain such a project; still, the temptation was so vivid that he quite longed to disbar his master of his treasure.

Accordingly he set forth as early as possible next morning to Mr. Burrows' house with the parcel under his arm. He sent in his card and was ushered into a small sitting-room; but, after a short interval, the servant returned, with a message that her master was too unwell to see him.

"I called about this parcel," said Tom. "It was left at my hotel last night, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask Mr. Burrows?"

The servant disappeared again, but presently brought back word that Mr. Burrows did not understand what he was alluding to, and knew nothing about any parcel.

"What!" exclaimed Tom in amazement. "Why, it was left at my hotel last night with the card which I delivered into your hands at the door yesterday afternoon. Of course, I imagined the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

"Shame! shame!" burst from the excited bystanders; and Tom, who was by no means disposed to take this rebuff calmly, suddenly became the object of popular indignation. Before he had time or opportunity for remonstrance, his hat was crushed over his eyes, and he was violently ejected into the street. But he clung to the precious parcel with dogged determination, and managed to carry it away with him.

Tom was a hot-tempered fellow, but had a pretty shrewd eye to his own interests.

After what had passed, he guessed that neither Mr. Burrows nor Mr. Strawbridge would be anxious to claim the box of sovereigns, which he considered himself entitled to retain by way of damages for the injuries he had sustained. He took the next train to town and paid the money into his banking account, and then wrote to both of the above named gentlemen, expressing his willingness to refund the amount to whomever was entitled to it, upon receiving a satisfactory explanation.

Strange to say, neither of these communications elicited any reply, and from what afterwards gathered from the local press, Tom is inclined to believe that he will remain in undisputed possession of his spoil.—*London Truth*.

—One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull, who was visiting in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound, and a noted surgeon, who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening, which shielded the brain equally as well as the skull. This plate is about the size of a man's hand, and works on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The re-skulled man does not experience the least pain, and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—There is a hamlet known as Townsville in Orange County, N. Y., and a citizen there has a number of children who were born on each day of the week from Monday to Sunday, and he named them from the days of the week on which they were born. A short time ago another was born, which was a sticker for him, there being no more days to name from, so he called the last one One Week.—*Albany Journal*.

and beneath was written in pencil: "Bearer suspects nothin."

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ask him what I am to do with this thing?"

"I don't go near him, sir," said the girl, shrinking back. "Besides, he particularly said I wasn't to take the parcel. He says he knows nothing about it."

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Tom traveled to Slocum by the earliest train, revolving these things in his mind, and at the end of his journey, having recollected the impending election, he had formulated his ideas a little. He was hardly surprised to learn that Mr. Strawbridge was the Conservative agent, and though it had been given out that the election was to be conducted on party principles, he began to feel a little suspicious. He called upon Mr. Strawbridge at his office, but discovered that he was attending a noisy meeting of his party at the assembly-rooms. Tom waited patiently until the proceedings broke up, and then took the earliest opportunity to accost him.

Unfortunately, Mr. Strawbridge was a fussy, self-important individual, and little suspecting the delicate nature of Tom's communication, he declined to accede to his request for a private interview, but roughly requested him to state his business on the spot. His manner put Tom's back up, and although there were several persons in hearing, Tom did not hesitate to inform him that owing to an accidental circumstance he had been entrusted with a box of sovereigns to deliver to him. Tom then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and his story caused a perceptible stir among the by-standers.

"Pooh! pooh! It's all nonsense," interposed Mr. Strawbridge, turning red, and glancing apprehensively around him.

"But what did the note mean then?" cried Tom, not relishing the statement. "The money was sent to me because I was believed to be your messenger."

"Hullo, Strawbridge!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, significantly.

"Gentlemen, I assure you this is an unworthy manoeuvre of our opponents," said Mr. Strawbridge, raising his voice.

"It is an attempt to convict me of bribery and corruption. I know nothing about the parcel. This young man has been sent here to prejudice our candidate, and to spread damaging rumors."

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—A University Romance.

In the great Swedish University at Upsala lived a young student, a fine-looking fellow possessing great aptitude and love for learning, but without the means of living while he wood Dame Science. In other words he was poor, and consequently had no influential friends ready to assist him. Nevertheless he studied hard, keeping up a light heart through all his difficulties, and trying not to look too keenly into the future, which certainly did not offer him a smiling prospect. His gay humor and his good qualities had always made him a favorite with his young companions. One day he was talking and joking with a few of them in the great square of Upsala, passing in this pleasant intercourse a part of an unexpected holiday, when the attention of the group was attracted by a young and graceful girl, who by the side of an elderly lady was walking across the square.

She was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala with her governess, and was generally known as the possessor of a kind and gentle disposition, which together with her beauty had long since made her the object of especial mention and admiration among the students. As the young men stared at her passing away like a beautiful vision, one of them cried out: "By Jove! a kiss from such a mouth would be worth a month in prison!"

Our poor student, the hero of this story, absorbed in the contemplation of this pure and angelic face, answered impetuously, as if by inspiration; "Well! I think I can obtain one!"

"What!" exclaimed all his friends in a breath. "Are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not in the least," he replied; "but I think she would kiss me on the spot if I asked her!"

"Willingly?"

"Willingly."

"Well! if she kisses you as you say, I will present you with a thousand dollars," cried one.

"And I," continued three or

"Lady."

Our old English Hlaford, as expressing a rank or relation rather than strictly an office, has, unlike the King and the Earl, a feminine. Without raising any minute philological questions, Hlaford is practically the feminine of Hlaford. And it abides so still; the softened form of lady is still, in grammar at least if not in usage, the feminine of Lord and of Lord only. But the practical use of the name has been very shifting. In early times the Lady had rather a tendency to soar higher than the Lord; in later times she has rather had a tendency to sink beneath him. When queen-ship, so to speak, was abolished among the West Saxons, the King's wife became the lady. The title was therefore lower than that of Queen, but it was so high that, with the single exception of Ethelreda, Lady of the Mercians, it was never given to any but the wives of Kings. The wife of the reigning King is "the Lady"; she whom we should now call a Queen Dowager was then known by the homelier style of "the Old Lady." So, as has been already noticed, lady was down into the eighteenth century the true English style for the younger daughters and the nieces of a King. In the peerage Lord and Lady exactly answer to one another. If in one case they do not seem to do so, if the daughters of an Earl are called Lady while their younger brothers are not called Lord, it is because all daughters rank with their elder brother and not with their younger. Lady, like Lord, is used vaguely for all ranks of the peerage under Duke, and in a special way for its lower rank. It is when we get below the peerage that the laxer use of the word begins. As Dominus parted off into English Lord and French Sir, so Domina parted off into English Lady and French Dame. Lord and Lady, Sir and Dame, should in strictness go together. And so in formal style they do; the wife of Sir John is properly Dame Mary. It is doubtless a bit of man's homage to woman that she is in common speech raised to the style of Lady, while her husband is never raised to the style of Lord. And those who report court ceremonies, who surely ought to "know their own foolish business," jumble together under the common head of "Ladies," the wives of Knights, the wives of Barons, Marquesses, and Earls. Dame Mary has no place in such exalted company, and the other two classes of Ladies may teach us a lesson in the difference between mere precedence and substantial privilege.

Lady Mary A., the Duke or Earl's daughter, goes before Lady B., the Baron's wife. But let them be charged with treason or felony, and the Baron's wife can claim to be tried by the House of Lords, while the Earl's daughter must be tried by a jury like any other woman. Lady, then, even as a title, has come down, in common use at least, a step lower than Lord. And, when not used strictly as a title, it has sunk lower again. It has, perhaps, not sunk quite so low as some words which

#### Starting a Hog Ranch.

Cattle and sheep ranches have become common in all the Western States and Territories. Recently several horse ranches have been started. We also hear of a goat ranch in Colorado and a goose ranch in Texas. Some enterprising citizens of St. Louis have concluded to start a hog ranch. They have secured a large tract of broken and partially wooded land on the bank of the Mississippi River, about thirty-five miles south of the city, where they propose to carry on their operations. Much of the land is broken, but a considerable portion of it is adapted to tillage purposes. The tract contains a large number of oak and other nut-bearing trees. It is expected to derive considerable profit from the mast the trees will afford. The land is well supplied with springs and streams of pure water. It is not the intention of the managers of the enterprise to raise any cultivated crops for feed. The ground will be kept in grass and clover. They will rely on corn raised on the Illinois side of the river for food to fatten the hogs. The corn will be taken over in boats belonging to the company. The great American bottoms embrace some of the most productive corn lands in the world. It is proposed to stock the ranch with piggy sows obtained at the St. Louis stock yards. These animals can be bought very cheap and will be valuable for the purpose designated. First-class Berkshire males will be employed for improving the stock. The pigs will have an extensive range, abundant shade and good water. All the conditions will be favorable to a healthy condition of the animals. The location is excellent for obtaining supplies and for marketing the hogs when they are in a condition to slaughter.

This enterprise gives great promise of success. It seems strange that something of the kind had not been started before. Its operations will be watched with interest. It is likely that the managers will be able to obtain many kinds of food at a very low price. They might load scows with garbage at St. Louis, float them down the river and unload them at the hog ranch. Refuse fish and the waste of slaughter-houses could be treated in the same way. In every large city considerable quantities of corn and small grain become damaged in the course of a season by a variety of causes. Some is charred by fire in warehouses, some is damaged by water, and some because heated in elevators. Grain injured in any of these ways may generally be purchased in large quantities at very low rates. Admitting that the land controlled by this company is now in bad condition as regards fertility, it is certain that much of it can soon be made very productive by the judicious use of the manure made by the hogs. By means of hog manure large crops of red clover may be raised, and this will be of great value for feeding hogs during the summer and early fall. In the course of a few years considerable land will become rich enough to produce large crops of corn. There would seem to be many places on the Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers where enterprises of this kind could be started with great promise of success. Boats would be able to reach portions of the country where large quantities of corn and other kinds of hog food are raised, but where the facilities for railway transportation are poor. Boats could take these articles from the places where they are raised to the hog ranch at a small cost. Many farmers occupying rich bottom lands would raise corn on contract, if it was taken off their hands as soon as it was matured.

It is likely that raising hogs on a large scale would pay well in many places where there is not good water communication. Many are now engaged in exclusive cattle and sheep production, but there are comparatively few persons who give their exclusive attention to hog-raising. A farm can be easily and cheaply fitted up for hog-raising. Comparatively few buildings are required, and these may be of the cheapest character. Adornments are wasted in buildings for protecting hogs. Tight roofs and floors are all that is required. The latter may be made of clay, concrete, or a mixture of gas-tar and lime and gravel. Much of the land should be devoted to the production of clover and tender grasses, to be eaten by the hogs during the summer. Rye may often be raised to good advantage for winter pasture. Much of the land should, of course, be devoted to the production of corn. The raising of corn calls for little expensive machinery, as is the case with the production of small grain. If labor is high the harvesting may be done by the hogs themselves. In some parts of the South it is the custom to turn hogs into corn-fields and to allow them to do the harvesting. The practice appears to be very wasteful, but close observation shows that it is not. Nearly every grain is gathered up and eaten. It is also common there to turn hogs into fields of small grain that have become lodged. Observation shows that in these cases the amount of grain wasted is very small. By the employment of cheap, portable fences the amount of waste may be greatly reduced. No labor is required to harvest artichokes for hogs. In fact, by judicious management much of the labor in the production and harvesting of food for hogs may be reduced.—*Chicago Times*.

#### Training of Children.

This subject is very generally neglected. Men of thought and enterprise bestow time and inquiry on the body training of their domestic animals and on proper modes of feeding them, but neglect their children as if they were not worth attention, or would grow strong and healthy without the same amount of care and attention they give their cattle. They make no inquiry into the proper way of feeding, exercising and clothing human beings. All this may be the duty of the mother. But she does not appreciate the importance of body-training and the father is more interested in accumulating wealth than in regular body-training of his offspring. He convinces himself that they will be well developed and become robust and healthy without his expending upon them any care or exertion. The father does not seem to be aware that the first requisite to success in life is to have a well developed body, and that a well developed body is the basis of all happiness and usefulness. Men and women break down under the pressure of duties or ambition, simply because their parents did not fit them for domestic duties and business pressure by giving proper form and strength to their functions by a proper course of training. These remarks apply more particularly to girls, who are usually allowed to mature, as did Topsy, without any pains to give that growth and strength to their body, that future domestic duties may demand.

The tendency is to neglect the body and abuse the mind. No subject of general interest is now so great as the proper means of giving growth and strength, activity and endurance to girls—so that women and wives may not be so generally feeble and suffering. The rearing of well grown men and women is as important in the future life as the present. For religious character and religious sentiment depend very much upon physical health and strength. Our gratitude to Heaven depend very much upon our digestive forces. Hard eating and hard drinking unites the soul for religious, holy thoughts, and suffering and feebleness impairs our gratitude to Heaven. Men tell us just how much food and what kind our animals need, but no principles are involved in feeding human beings. Children are overfed, or underfed, and so are made ill, or well, weak or strong, indolent or active by what they eat and drink. Many infants die from underfeeding, some suffer from repletion and others from starvation. A want of principle in feeding is the basis of the trouble. Infants and children are allowed to eat all they want and not all they need. Our farmers, governed by experience and observation, specify the kind and quantity of food their domestic animals may need to promote certain results they have in view. The great trouble is that our mothers often have no idea of the effects of different kinds of food. They are wholly ignorant of the fact that some kinds of food produce muscles, bones, etc., while others produce body heat and fat. Growth and strength demand a certain per cent of the one and a different per cent of the other. As a general rule it may be true, that appetite is a good guide as to quantity. Still some exceptions may exist. Some children no less than some adults, become gluttons and do themselves much harm. Children need more food than the mature, bulk for bulk. They should have enough to build their "harpes of a thousand strings" and then enough to keep them in repair. The food they consume depends upon their needs. They may need sugar, so necessary in supplying the means of moving the animal machinery. They may need fat. Sugary and fatty matters combine with oxygen in the body and thus evolve heat. Those children who are cold, who possess only a poor circulation of blood, need sugar. Other compounds may be converted into heat-food. Starch is changed to sugar in the course of digestion. The liver converts other constituents of food to sugar. Children usually dislike fat, but have a love for sugar. An excess of sugar may compensate for a lack of fat. Suet, boiled in milk, is often useful to feeble children.

Children are very fond of fruit. All vegetal acids are beneficial when taken moderately at regular periods of time. Ripe fruits containing sugar are peculiarly agreeable and useful to all. Now, in these cases we see that children should be fed in harmony with their taste. The taste of children should always be consulted. They usually need a variety, not in kind, but in flavor. The same kind of food day after day often becomes insipid. They should be left to their appetites as to flavor, but not as to quantity. They should have those kinds for which they have a love. Let it form a part of their regular diet, so that they may be less inclined to consume large quantities. The quantity of food must be regulated by observation and experience. If an infant sucks a large amount and eructates, partly surely it is wise to give it less next time.—C. H. Allen, M. D., in *Western Rural*.

#### Chickens for the Market.

Many farmers have an idea that a chicken must have a large field to roam over to do well, but this is a mistake if it is desired to fatten them for the market. If they are to be kept to furnish eggs when old enough, if permitted to run at large they will do quite as well, or perhaps better, than if confined to a small enclosure, because it is not desirable to have a laying hen very fat; but for market a young fowl is rarely if ever too fat.

By confining a flock of chickens to a small enclosure they do not have an opportunity to run off their fat as when permitted to go as far as they please. They soon get accustomed to their small enclosure, and will remain quiet after eating, so what they eat is not wasted by constant exercise. It is true if chickens are to be confined to a small yard they should be faithfully attended to and given all they want or they will not get as fat as when they run at large. They need a great variety of food, given in such quantities as will keep their appetite good. The secret of success in feeding any animal is in giving them just enough to supply their wants, and yet not enough to clog their appetite. While corn may be the principal food, because the cheapest, oats, barley and shorts should be fed freely, the latter in connection with boiled potatoes or other vegetables. A small quantity of meat should be given each day, and also some green vegetables, such as cabbage, grass or turnip leaves.

During the last two weeks before killing they should receive about all they will eat of corn and corn meal.

While it is important to know just how to feed to the best advantage, it is quite as important to know how best to prepare the chickens for market, and have them look well. More than half the chickens that are sent to market are sold from one to two cents a pound less because they have been improperly dressed. Many, to save time, dip them into boiling water, and thus greatly injure the looks of the flesh by blistering it. Those who best understand how to dress a chicken manage to get the feathers off in a very short time after the fowl is killed. By so doing they do it much easier than if not done until the fowl begins to cool.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

#### Bonanza Farming.

The story of the Dalrymple farms has been told too often to bear repetition. Mr. Dalrymple cultivates, for several owners, about 27,000 acres, the farm altogether containing 75,000 acres. He conducts his agricultural operations on business methods. Over each 6,000 acres is a superintendent, who has a book-keeper. There is a headquarters building and a storehouse for the employees of the farms. Each 6,000-acre division is made up of three farms of 2,000 acres each, and foreman is placed in charge of the inclosure and its complete set of necessary farm buildings. The great business is managed on a wholesale principle. The stores for feeding and clothing the laborers are purchased in large quantities, and sold to the customers at retail. Every advantage is taken of the markets, every favorable or unfavorable turn in the financial world is watched by the intelligent men, who are not diverted from their business of raising the largest possible crops at the smallest possible cost, and selling them for the largest possible price, by the wearying labors of the field that are necessarily imposed upon the smaller farmers. It is estimated that the bonanza farmers make one dollar more profit per acre than the ordinary wheat growers by reason of the advantages derived from their larger transactions in buying and selling, and the greater attention they are enabled to pay to the commercial side of their business. On the Dalrymple farms, it is stated that the cost of raising the wheat and delivering it at the railroad is about thirty-five cents a bushel; that the net profit is never less than forty cents; that the average yield is twenty bushels to the acre, so that the net profit on an acre of land is eight dollars, and on the 27,000 acres \$216,000.

There is no thorough cultivation in the Red River country. In opening the prairie the soil is broken to a depth of three inches, afterwards the soil is "baek-set," and, finally, the ground is cross-ploughed. On this scratched surface the wheat is raised year after year. The oldest land of the Dalrymple farms has been cultivated for eight years, and as yet there has been no summer fallowing. Signals of distress must have been flung out, however, for it is expected that a rest must soon be given to the generous but weary soil. The question is: Can a small farmer, working his own land and raising wheat exclusively after the fashion of the country, make a large profit? He must buy everything, it must be recollected, and transport it to his home. Food for his stock and for himself, all his machinery and all his household goods must be paid for at high prices. If he has a three hundred and twenty-acre farm and raises twenty bushels to the acre, and makes the Dalrymple profit, less the one dollar which must be deducted for lack of business capacity or the lack of opportunity to make the most of it, he will make two thousand two hundred and forty dollars a year. But twenty bushels is not the average crop. In 1879, the census year, the wheat crop was unusually large, and the average product of the whole country was sixteen bushels to the acre. Dakota produced about eleven bushels to the acre in this year, and in 1882 the average yield was fifteen and nine-tenths bushels. Given sixteen bushels to the acre, and the profit, still taking the Dalrymple figures and deducting the one dollar, and the farmer of three hundred and twenty acres will make a profit of about one thousand seven hundred dollars. If he has homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres, and bought the other one hundred and sixty acres at say, three dollars an acre (four hundred and eighty dollars), his profit will represent a very large interest in his investment. But it must be borne in mind that a very large interest is essential in so precarious a business as the raising of a special crop. A late, wet spring, or a summer without showers, may make the wheat crop almost worthless, and in Dakota there is no other cereal grown to that extent that the farmers can fall back on it in a year that has been disastrous to their wheat. There must certainly come a time when this exclusive growing of wheat must give way to diversified farming. Its natural advantages bear a very striking resemblance to those of the United States. Its climate is tropical in parts, semi-tropical in other parts, and moderately cool elsewhere. Its rivers are on a scale of grandeur equal to the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio, and about as far back from its sea frontage as our Rocky Mountains are from Atlantic ports, the majestic Andes from its western boundary, an impassable line of military defense in that quarter and a perpetual regulator of temperature in the valleys and pampas. The soil and productions are like ours. Wheat, corn, and all the cereals and most of the temperate zone and tropical fruits grow in some parts of the country. And since 1870 the increase of population, like ours, has been much assisted by immigration from the vital races of Europe. For the six years from 1871 to 1876 this immigration has reached 275,000, and for the six years ended 1882 the estimate is 350,000—a total of 625,000 in twelve years. The population in 1882 was just about equal to that of the thirteen American colonies one century ago. But the resources of the country are immeasurably greater than ours then were. It has 60,000,000 sheep, 14,000,000 cattle, 3,800,000 horses, a capital city of 900,000 people, whose exports are valued at over \$55,000,000 a year, with corresponding imports—both rapidly increasing. It has nearly 1,800 miles of railway and 5,000 miles of telegraph in operation and many new lines in course of construction. It has an admirable system of public schools, supported by taxation. And, though the national debt is comparatively great, the interest absorbing half the revenues, still the receipts, which in 1880 aggregated \$18,700,000, were considerably more than the expenditures, interest included. The Argentines have but a standing army of 7,500. Like the United States, they trust the defense of the country to an enrolled militia, which in 1881 numbered 300,000.

Now here is the South American Republic of the future in embryo. With a sensible constitution, a Congress of two Houses like ours, a President salaried at \$20,000 a year, Vice-President \$10,000, Cabinet Ministers \$9,000 each, free schools, free religious worship, every port open to immigration, which is flowing in at the rate of fifty thousand a year, lands at the lowest prices, sufficient in extent for a population of 100,000,000, and resources in cattle, sheep, horses, wool, wheat, corn and fruit on the grandest scale, the Argentine Republic bids fair in time to reach as high a figure among the nations of the earth as the United States touches now; and when that time comes, the great Republic of the North and the great Republic of the South, with an equally great one in the far-off South Seas, ought to exercise together a controlling influence in the politics of the whole world.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

#### British Mail Bags.

Forty letters were written last year in England for each man, woman, and child therein, thirty in Scotland, sixteen in Ireland, and thirty-six in Great Britain taken as a whole, against twenty-one in the United States, which comes next in the list of nations as a letter writer. But the English post-office was not only not dismayed at the continents of paper and oceans of ink represented by the 1,500,000,000 of letters delivered, but undertook, besides, so much of other varied business as to merit the title of the Governmental ragbag, where all odds and ends were indiscriminately thrown. It not only sent and still sends your letters, your papers, your telegrams, and your money, but will save the latter for you if you are so fortunate as to have any; or will sell you an annuity, if you wish to provide thus against old age, or will invest your money for you in Government bonds. When you wish to do any of these things, the post-office is most pleasant and respectful; it is your servant. But it has, alas! another aspect, grim and surly, where it is your master. It is a tax collector without rebate in the past or deduction in the future, and relentlessly mules one in certain sums for certain things. For instance, for the snake skins for ladies' belts. Almost every village in Sullivan and Ulster counties is a summer resort for city people, and hundreds of New York ladies spend the heated term there. One day last summer the wife of a well-known chemist of New York, who was stopping in Sullivan County, attended a picnic, and while walking with another lady in the woods, was confronted by an enormous rattlesnake, which lay directly in front of her in the mountain path. The lady who was with her screamed and ran away, but the chemist's wife picked up a cudgel and killed the snake. She brought it to the picnic ground. It was four feet in length, and had a splendid set of fourteen rattles. The markings of a rattlesnake are very beautiful, but the skin of this one was particularly perfect and brilliant in color. The chemist's wife caused a shudder of horror to run through the assemblage of her fair companions by saying that if she could by any means have the snake's skin prepared she would wear it as a girdle. She consulted her husband, and he consented to experiment with the skin. It was removed from the snake the next day and stretched on a board. The chemist treated it with some preparation of arsenic and sweet oil. The preparation was applied daily, and in a few days the skin was cured with all its freshness, brilliancy, and pliability preserved. The rattles and head were left on the skin. The husband took it to New York, where it was fitted with a handsome silver clasp and his wife appeared among the other guests with a girdle that \$250 would not induce her to part with. That set the fashion, and there was at once a big demand for rattlesnake skins among the ladies, not only in that particular place, but scores of other places, for the news of Mrs. —'s girdle spread rapidly from one resort to another. Dainty damsels, who a week before would have fainted almost at the mention of rattlesnakes, suddenly became deeply interested in the beauty and dimensions of the deadly reptile, and lost no time in having its many hued epidermis encircle their slender waists. Rattlesnakes quickly went up in the market, until it was a very modest mountaineer indeed who hadn't the heart to ask five dollars for a skin with perfect rattles, a sound head, and clear spots.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*.

#### The Argentine Republic.

Within the last score of years the Argentine Confederation has taken the front seat among the South American Republics, and of late begins to challenge the respect and confidence of mankind. The States (fourteen in number) composing this Republic were nearly all colonized either from Spain or Portugal a century before Plymouth Rock was heard of. Buenos Ayres is more than four hundred and fifty years older than Philadelphia. But from the planting of the colonies to the end of the Paraguayan war, a few years ago, they were periodically rent and torn, pillaged and plundered by the Gauchos, so that enduring Governments, save by the hand of dictators like Rosas, Dr. Francia, Lopez, and outlaws like Quiroga, were impossible. There is hardly a town from the mouth of La Plata to the Andes, and from the Patagonian line to Brazil that has not been many times sacked. All that seems to be now at an end. The influence of Buenos Ayres' civilization stretches from that city to Mendoza, and is felt all over the one million, two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory which the Republic embraces. Its natural advantages bear a very striking resemblance to those of the United States. Its climate is tropical in parts, semi-tropical in other parts, and moderately cool elsewhere. Its rivers are on a scale of grandeur equal to the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio, and about as far back from its sea frontage as our Rocky Mountains are from Atlantic ports, the majestic Andes from its western boundary, an impassable line of military defense in that quarter and a perpetual regulator of temperature in the valleys and pampas. The soil and productions are like ours. Wheat, corn, and all the cereals and most of the temperate zone and tropical fruits grow in some parts of the country. And since 1870 the increase of population, like ours, has been much assisted by immigration from the vital races of Europe. For the six years from 1871 to 1876 this immigration has reached 275,000, and for the six years ended 1882 the estimate is 350,000—a total of 625,000 in twelve years. The population in 1882 was just about equal to that of the thirteen American colonies one century ago. But the resources of the country are immeasurably greater than ours then were. It has 60,000,000 sheep, 14,000,000 cattle, 3,800,000 horses, a capital city of 900,000 people, whose exports are valued at over \$55,000,000 a year, with corresponding imports—both rapidly increasing. It has nearly 1,800 miles of railway and 5,000 miles of telegraph in operation and many new lines in course of construction. It has an admirable system of public schools, supported by taxation. And, though the national debt is comparatively great, the interest absorbing half the revenues, still the receipts, which in 1880 aggregated \$18,700,000, were considerably more than the expenditures, interest included. The Argentines have but a standing army of 7,500. Like the United States, they trust the defense of the country to an enrolled militia, which in 1881 numbered 300,000.

The post-office did not arrive at its present efficiency at a bound. It sprang from "full armed" from the brain of genius, but attained its splendid development through generations of slow progress. Letters originally were sent by private messengers, afterward by "common carriers," who began about the year 1500 to traverse the country with their pack horses. Sometime before this, however, traveling "by post," that is, with relays of horses, came into being, and sometimes letters were thus sent, as is proved by the writing, "Haste, post, haste," found on the backs of letters written about the sixteenth century. "Post haste" we now use as a synonym for great rapidity, but it may well be questioned if we should be satisfied in this age of steam and electricity.

The Argentine Republic bids fair in time to reach as high a figure among the nations of the earth as the United States touches now; and when that time comes, the great Republic of the North and the great Republic of the South, with an equally great one in the far-off South Seas, ought to exercise together a controlling influence in the politics of the whole world.—*St. Louis Post*.

The Indians in Nevada on first seeing the first transcontinental telegraph line called this wonder by the queer name of "We-ente-mo-ke-pe," which means "wire-rope express."—*Chicago Times*.

Barbed wire fencing has fallen ten per cent in price within the last three months. Cows have got so they use it for a hair brush.—*Detroit Post*.

#### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senator Sharon, it is said, pays one per cent. of all the taxes collected in San Francisco.

—Sam Bo, the son of a wealthy Chinaman of San Francisco, has disowned the boy who, as student of the Chicago university, has become a Christian.—*Chicago News*.

—A remarkable instance occurs in the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Weeks of Portland, Me. Her birth, marriage and death occurred alike on the 21st day of the month.—*Boston Post*.

—General Washington and General Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence, issued their farewell orders to the army on the same day a century apart.—November 1, 1783-1883.

—Mitchell Putnam, one hundred and three years of age, traveled alone from Texas to South Carolina to see his former home. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Texan struggle.

—Warren County, Georgia, boasts of a resident who participated in seventeen battles for the lost cause, was wounded several times, has been struck by lightning three times, lay insensible from one shock three days, is now not more than forty years of age, and is as healthy as any man, and weighs over two hundred pounds.—*Chicago Times*.

—A Washington correspondent writes that in one of the departments at Washington a needy female descendant of George Washington's relatives was appointed not long ago. In the War Department is a grandniece of Kosciusko. In the Interior Department is employed a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. Her little salary supports her aged and invalid mother, who is the last surviving grandchild of Jefferson.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Rev. Dr. E. L. Magoon, of Philadelphia, who has already distinguished himself by his gifts of works of art to various institutions, recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday by giving to the Women's School of Design in Philadelphia twenty-two choice copies of old masters, especially imported by himself. They comprise copies of works by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Titian and Andrea del Sarto.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—Samuel Budd Riley, believed to be the last descendant left in New Jersey of the ancient Delaware Indians, who once occupied the State, died at Hamilton Square, a small village near Trenton, recently. He was seventy-one years of age, and was nearly a pure-blooded Indian. He was born and raised near Cro

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

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FOR PRESIDENT,  
That uncrowned King of every Democratic heart,

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation,

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

New York Letter.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1883.

EDITOR NEWS:—A Kentuckian would be eminently unpatriotic were he not enthused over the result of the Democratic caucus at Washington last evening. The news is especially pleasant to a Kentuckian away from home.

It is interesting to stand in the corridors of the hotels and hear the great and small politicians discussing the result. Every corner is crowded, and the Speakership is, as it has been for a week, the sole topic of conversation. The friends of free trade and the masses shake hands in their joy, while the "healers" of protected monopoly find sweet consolation in the possibilities of the future. The two principle issues of the party have not, however, been especially prominent influencing the sway of popular opinion in New York City. Mr. Cox is a great favorite here, and the people, that portion at least which it is possible to excite over a political contest, were especially enthusiastic over his candidacy. It was only when intelligent belief was thoroughly positive of the impossibility of his election that dissension gradually trickled down and cut its way between Democrats, leaving two widely distinct lines in which unity is unthought of and unresponsible. "It is a glorious victory, the vindication of a principle," excitedly exclaims a distinguished, but now retired politician, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And the old gentleman is not far wrong. It is indeed the vindication of a principle. "Don't congratulate me," says Carlisle. "This fight was made upon a principle. Be glad because the principle has prevailed."

And so the talk continues and will continue for a week to come. One exercises his tongue to air his delicate intellect, while another backs his remarks by reason and common sense. Out of it all a spectator, however distinguished, is compelled to formulate some ideas and perhaps cast a momentary horoscope over the "may be" of the future. It is refreshing to know that in the Forty-eighth Congress there will be one hundred and four Democrats with the courage to substantiate their convictions against whatever odds. It is as repulsive that in the same Congress will be found a number of so called Democrats, advocating the essential idea of Republicanism and monopoly. And what does all this mean? That the modern distinction between Republicanism and Democracy, as they exist in the United States to-day, is one gradually approaching degree and leaving that of kind. Not that the parties are without distinct beds in which they flow but that minor arms have cut their way through the solid banks of the main streams and are hopelessly entangled in the intervening space. The great questions which brought one party into being and to maintain the opposition kept the other alive, have been settled and forgotten. The consequential issues—Free Trade and Protection, which should divide them to-day, are equally maintained and denied by each. Mr. Carlisle's election then, squarely on the issue of Free Trade, is intensely significant in more ways than one.

The immediate future of the Democratic party depends on the policy of the Forty-Eighth Congress. That a Free-trader has been chosen as its presiding officer leaves no cause for fear that the policy will be a poor one. True a majority of the members of the present Congress are high Protectionists, and this makes successful legislation in favor of any substantial revenue reform almost impossible, still the election of a Free-trader to the administration of the second office under the government is an indicative omen and should be a source of pride to every friend of independent, Democratic government. The two-sided mask which has so long concealed the ennobling qualities within, is cast aside in the interests of free thought and action. It is best that Democracy remain forever a minority than win its victories in the guise of Republicanism. As the Times of to-day expresses it: "The nomination of Mr. Carlisle, in itself, shows a public opinion through out wide sections of the country strong enough to overcome completely the tactics of mere politicians and to defy the influences exerted by the most highly protected industries."

C. M. T.

The Mt. Sterling Sentinel and Democrat have been hyphenated, and will be run as a daily and weekly, on January 1st at the Sentinel-Democrat. This thing of hyphenating names is getting to be a national nuisance—the idea being to convey to an innocent public by the hyphenated head-lines at each issue, that one giant monopoly has swallowed a smaller one. It may make the monopolist feel good to view the conglomeration, but it is death to the poor citizens and printers.

This is a good year for thanksgiving in Kentucky. Ben Butler is under the daises in Massachusetts, Mahone has the death-rattle in Virginia, Carlisle seems to have the lead for the Speakership, Tom Henry has gone to Morgan county to keep drunk, and rabbits are only ten cents apiece. Let us rejoice and give thanks.—[Louisville Commercial.]

JOE BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, was one of the first to enter Carlisle's room after the victory, and congratulated the man for whom he had done yeoman service. His face was flushed with pleasure.

### Scientific Miscellany.

The Paris Society of Agriculture and Insectology, whose exhibition of preserved insect specimens has just closed, proposes establishing a menagerie of living insects, and the city of Paris has contributed a considerable sum in aid of the project.

Alcohol has been found by Mons. Muntz to be very widely diffused in nature. It exists in nearly all water, including rain and snow, and it is probable that the air contains much of it in the state of vapor. Poor soil yields traces of it, and rich mould has a considerable quantity.

A method of adulterating milk by adding to it a solution of commercial glucose has been exposed by Mons. Kretsch in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. As the solution has the density of good milk, the adulteration is not detected by the ordinary testing instruments.

The now famous fossil footprints found last year at Carson, Nevada, and supposed to have been made by prehistoric human giants, are regarded by Prof. O. C. Marsh as probable tracks of a large sloth. It is stated, however, that Dr. Harkness still insists that the impressions were left by a species of man, and that he finds his theory strengthened by fresh discoveries of tracks.

Late observations made at Lausanne, Switzerland, have shown that an intimate connection exists between the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the weather; and it is thought that an intelligent use of registering electrometers may enable meteorologists to forecast the weather several days in advance. The electric tension of the air is strong during fine weather, but it's rapid weakening indicates the approach of a storm.

Prof. Edward Hall considers that throughout the early geological epochs known as Archalcan, Silurian and Carboniferous, the sea covered North America, the British Isles and Western Europe, while a large part of the North Atlantic area existed as dry land. He urges that if his conclusions prove to be well grounded the doctrine of the permanency of oceans and continents, as tested by the case of the North Atlantic, must be discarded.

Lieut. Diek, of the Russian army, has discovered a new illuminating powder, which has attracted the favorable attention of the German Government. It causes any objects to which it may be applied to become luminous, and water in a glass vessel may be converted into an illuminating fluid by the addition of some of the powder. The new illuminant consumes no oxygen, which fact makes it desirable for use in mining operations. Its illuminating power lasts eight hours, when a new supply of powder becomes necessary.

A Vienna scientist has perfected a remarkable modification of the microscope, to which the name of gastroscope has been given. It is used for looking into the interior of the human stomach. It consists of a tube about 26 inches long and half an inch thick, bent at an angle of 150 degrees at about one fourth of its length from the lower end. At its lower extremity is an incandescent electric lamp for lighting up the stomach, and a microscope objective. Prisms are arranged to reflect the image-bearing pencil of light along the tube and past the bend to the eye-piece. Provision is made for a circulation of water about the lamp to prevent inconvenient heating.

### MILLERSBURG.

The Shamrock troupe is doing our town.

Mrs. Mac Miller is visiting Miss Garner, in Winchester.

Ned O'Connor sold a house and lot here to Jim Carr, cold'd, for \$400.

Jim Rogers is only out \$1.50 on the last change of the peanut stand.

Mrs. Joe Hanley is in from Titusville, Pa., to visit her old home until after the holidays.

The finder of a diamond-set breast-pin will return same to Mac Miller, and receive reward.

Mrs. Mary Boulder has returned from Cincinnati, where she had an operation performed on her eyes for cataract.

Master Commissioner R. H. Hanson sold on Tuesday, a house and lot belonging to Martin Lewis, to Levy Trotter, for \$160.

Anton Ambre, the barber and confectioner, has sold out his peanut and pie stand to Jim Rogers, and skipped by the light of the moon to Florida.

There's no place in town for holding the annual Christmas tree this year, on account of Bryan's Hall being engaged, and the merchants are perplexed therat.

When Ambre was on the skip, Will Victor presented his bill, but Ambre referred him to Rogers for settlement, but Victor used his persuader and made him disgorge.

The Young Men's Christian Association took up a collection at their last meeting at the Hockton school house Sunday, and got nothing but persimmons and black hawses.

The marriage of Will Victor to Miss Lillian, daughter of James Cromwell, of Cynthiana, took place at Cincinnati, this week. He rather slipped up on the knowing ones of the Hen Convention.

Marshall Ballenger arrested a Mason county man and took him from the train Tuesday morning, for a horse thief, when really the man was the one from whom the horse had been stolen. He was going to get off at this place anyhow, so no damage was sustained.

BR'ER WOLFE.

HENRY J. SCHWARTZ.

JOHN SCHWARTZ.

## H. J. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

WILL MOVE SATURDAY, TO THEIR

## ELEGANT NEW STAND,

formerly Hill's Marble Works, where they have fitted up the handsomest

## SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM

in the city. They will keep the finest liquors, cigars and tobaccos at retail, and from their large beer cellar will be ready to supply both city and country trade in the best beer at city prices.

GO TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF OLD

## SANTA CLAUS

--- AT ---

## Jo. Z. CROXTON'S

--- FOR ---

Christmas Goods, Toys, Fire-Works, &c., &c.

### FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. B. Mallory & Co. House-keepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh.

W. W. GILL.

### FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

DESIRING TO MOVE SOUTH FOR THE benefit of my health, I will offer at private sale, my

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## RURAL GERMANY.

The Life of Drudgery Which the German Peasant Leads.

The Clumsy and Heavy Tools with Which He Works His Farm—Plows of Century-Old Pattern.

[Amos Kaeg in San Francisco Chronicle.] The German peasant's prosperity consists in getting enough by the hardest kind of work to live on and having enough left over to pay taxes, to give his marriageable daughters dowry enough to make them sought after by the neighbors' sons and to lay up a few dollars a year for possible future contingencies. If he succeeds in doing these things he is looked upon as a man of means and affluence in the community. If he does not succeed he is contented, generally; if not contented he emigrates to America. Nations may survive or perish, dynasties may rise or fall, but as long as he is not disturbed and is left to work his farm and drink his beer, his entire attention and that of his wife, his sons and his daughters, down to the smallest toddler who can pull weeds or pick up stones, is taken up by the few acres he cultivates.

HARD WORK AND POOR TOOLS. His little patch of ground, separated from that of his neighbor by no fence, is the scene of his daily life from sunrise to sunset. Accompanied by his family he goes there in the early morning, works hard all day and returns to his cheerless home to repeat it all the next day and the day after that. Yet he has no one but himself to blame because his work is so hard. He does everything in the harshest and most laborious way. Labor-saving machinery is unknown to him and all operations are conducted with the most primitive implements. The spade, mattock, scythe, plow and flail are his only tools. With them he delves and digs, plows and harrows, reaps and mows, plants and threshes and performs all other farm operations.

Even this would not be so bad if his implements were not so clumsy and heavy. It seems to be his idea that everything he has about him must be durable, and durability with him is synonymous with largeness. His spade is a monster of ugliness. Twice as large and heavy as is necessary, its very lowness and largeness make it less effective. Its handle, generally home-made, is large in circumference, crooked where it ought to be straight and straight where it ought to be crooked, rough and uneven, and is fastened into the large socket of the blade in such an ill-fitting and clumsy manner that one cannot help but wonder what sort of crossed eyes the man who made it had. To be compelled to spade up the garden with such an instrument would surely break the heart of any patriotic American boy. The mattock is also a fearfully and wonderfully ugly concern. It cannot be described; it is stolidly sui generis. The nearest American thing to it is a grubbing-hoe; not an ordinary, practical grubbing-hoe, but a great, lumbering, massive one, such as one would imagine a Chinaman or an Indian would make. It requires an immense amount of muscle to raise it. But when once raised it descends with an irresistible force, scattering the cloths in all directions.

### AN EXASPERATING SCYTHE.

The scythe has a blade twice or three times as broad and heavy as the American ones. And it is joined to the handle in a most preposterously clumsy and crude manner, being retained in its place by screws, nuts and iron bands enough to build a small-sized house. And the handle itself, besides being large and rough and generally crooked the wrong way, has a set of grips which are really exasperating, they are placed at such ineffective angles to the blade. I dare to say that a German scythe will weight ten or four times as much as an American one and is a hundred times harder to manage.

### THE PLOW OF A CENTURY.

But the plow is worse than anything else. Heavy and cumbersome, it bears a striking resemblance to the models of plows which were used in America a hundred years ago. Made as nearly entirely of wood as a plow can be made and still tear up the surface of the ground, its diminutive share scratches the surface of the mellow earth in a manner which would make a California gang-plow laugh itself into hysterics. Its beam, large and unwieldy always, crooked and rough generally, looks as if it were originally intended for an entirely different purpose, and had been put to its present use only as a makeshift or as the result of an insane whim of the owner. At the forward end of the beam are attached two small wheels, eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, which run along upon the ground. What the need is of these wheels is a dark and bloody mystery. It is probable that the first plow made in this vicinity was fitted with wheels, hence every plow since then has been made so, and it is more than probable that every plow manufactured here for a good many years to come will also have them.

### THE PLOW-TEAM.

The team which drags the instrument varies considerably. If the owner be rather poor, one cow does duty as a plow-horse. A step higher and two cows appear. A man tolerably well off, rich, one might safely say, walks behind a horse and a cow, while only the peasant Rothschilds are possessors of two horses. Oxen are very seldom seen. They cannot be utilized for any other purpose except as beasts of burden, while cows can be used not only in plowing, but also yield milk—a considerable item for their peasant proprietors. And right here I am reminded of the fact that I have seen but one mule since setting foot on European soil. And that solitary specimen was such a mild-mannered, inoffensive chap, without a bit of guile in the depths of his liquid eye, that I very much doubt if he would pass muster in America as a Simon-pure mule. At any rate, he allowed me to play with his ears, daily with his hind feet, and toy with various parts of his person in a manner which I would not dare to assume with his American relatives.

### WAKING UP.

American tools and modern American farming machinery, however, are gradually creeping into use; very gradually, it is true, for the German, under all circumstances, is a most conservative chap and does not take at all kindly to new things, but prefers old methods—rarely for no other reason than because they are old. Yet his prejudices are being overcome and are giving way and

then an agricultural implement store with a tolerably fair stock of goods on hand. This proves that they are used somewhere, but where I do not know. Certainly none of them are seen in the fields.

### A Politic Duke.

The duke of Wellington was a good courier. When George IV., after describing, as he sometimes allowed himself to do, how he led the British cavalry at Waterloo, appealed to him as a witness, with a " Didn't I, Arthur?" the great general bowed politely and said, "I have often heard your majesty say so!"

### ON A HEIGHT.

[Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.]

Far in the rare, the upper ether  
Ascends a mountain peak;  
No cloud can reach its summit; neither  
Will wing of eagle seek;  
Toward such peerless height uplifting  
Mists are exalted in hopeless drifting;  
And eagle's flight grows weak.

There lie the morning's earliest splendors,  
Her saffron and her rose,  
Long before earth her sleep surrenders;  
—And there at daylight close,  
The world to rest and dark returning,  
Night through, like fadeless beacon burning.  
The sunset's crimson glows,

So high it is no tempest sweeping  
With hurricane can blow;  
Nor flood can reach, nor lightning leaping,  
Thunder, nor hail, nor snow.  
A rainbow in the vaporous weather  
Looks like a painted bit of feather  
Gilded and gay below.

So runs the legend, and, moreover,  
Tells how, upon a time,  
A traveler, a world-wide rover,  
Climbs the steep to climb,  
And on its crest a camp-fire lighting,  
Left in the ashes words of writing,  
His name—a bit of rhyme.

After a score of years returning,  
He found what he had wrought,  
For the white ashes since their burning  
Tempest had troubled not.  
Traced with a careless finger merely,  
Yet it carved in granite clearly,  
There was his written thought.

Where is the moon? In all earth's ranges  
Rises there such a height?  
Calm and a peace that never changes,  
Higher than eagle's flight's  
Aye, the peak of too lofty spirit;  
The stress of tumult comes not near it,  
Nothing but heaven's light.

### VISITING AN "IMPRESSIONIST."

[How Whistler, the "Apostle of the Attenuated," Works at His Easel.

[Crofton's Letter in Pioneer Press.]

In London last summer I tried to see some of the celebrities, and among these "Jumbo" Whistler, as his cronies call him, holds a place of some altitude. He is the father of that vague modern school of art whose members call themselves "impressionists." They paint their feelings, so to speak, instead of the vision of the refine. "What on earth does this represent?" I asked one of these in spirit beings at a last academy exhibition, seeing a great splash of green with a strip of brown beyond, and in the distance a windmill with delirium tremens. "That," he answered with supreme complacency, "represents how I felt about that patch of turnips." So Whistler would answer you. He painted a canvas black, drew in the middle of it an immense red horizontal streak, then spattered over it little red, green and yellow stars, called it The Fireworks in Vauxhall Gardens, and hung it in Grosvenor gallery. Ruskin denounced it as the work of a charlatan, and intimated that no one but a swindler would put such a botch on exhibition and offer it for sale. The trial was long, angry, acrimonious, and the verdict was given to Whistler—one farthing damages. He claimed it as a victory, because Ruskin had to pay the costs.

Long before Wild had thought of Japanese decoration, Whistler and Moscheles had equipped their studios with the art trophies of that Oriental people. Indeed Whistler's paintings are felt to have in their balance of color, etc., a trace of Japanese influence. After he had made a good deal of money, and could demand a good price for his work, the artist built for himself a mole house on Chelsea embankment, and called it the "White House." It was built according to his own fantastic taste, but was a violation of all conventional methods and plans. The whole top of it was a studio—a vast vacant place, and here, when not working at portraits, he painted those lean and upright figures of his on the narrow and upright canvases.

Whistler is the latrate of the cadaverous, the apostle of the attenuated—a wonderful draftsman, a curious mixture of what lovers of art are inclined to chaff, and what they are sure to reverence. In the "White House" Whistler did some good work. He never uses a palette, and stands most of the time ten or fifteen feet from his canvas. His paints are arranged, in a sweet confusion that is probably order to him, on a table between himself and his model—generally a lady-like, quiet, sandy-haired blonde. He nervously seizes a long brush, looks at the model, rushes to the table and gets the right paint, springs forward and gives a sharp dab at the canvas, and darts back again. "Turn your head a trifle! Down chin! There! Don't stir!" and he makes another dart at the canvas. It is a most earnest and exacting business with him—an intense incarnation. He gesticulates. He cries out. He acts as if he were driving a four-in-hand, or trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. This easel is a sort of target; he takes a long aim and pulls the trigger all at once. It is difficult to get him away from his work.

### Stronger Than Horses.

[Auburn Dispatch.]

Mervine Thompson, the champion Canadian wrestler, gave an outdoor exhibition of his great strength last evening. He said that he would pull against any team of horses in the city or county, and would give \$100 to the owner of the team if the horses succeeded in pulling him from a ladder. Thompson quickly removed his coat, vest and hat. A harness resembling a pair of shoulder braces, only a great deal stronger, was thrown over his shoulders and around his waist, with two large straps left dangling from the small of his back. Then lying face downward upon the ladder, fixed in a horizontal position, securely lashed to a telegraph pole, he grasped a round of the ladder with both hands and placed his feet firmly against another flat round at the foot of the ladder. A team was hitched

to these straps, and then commenced the tug of war. The large pair of horses started, strained, and tugged. But in vain. The man could not be pulled from his position. After making three or four futile attempts, this team was removed and a heavy pair of sorrels attached to the man. They, like their predecessors, could make no impression, and the man of muscle did not exhibit the least sign of weakening. Finally one of the employees of Mr. Webster took the animals by the head, and they again exerted their well-trained muscle. This time the large evener to which the whiffetress were attached snipped in twain like a pipe-stem. This settled the contest. The crowd in attendance were well satisfied that the boast of the stranger had been made good, and cheered him heartily.

Not a Grave of Common Green.

[Texas Sittings.]

"Madeline, you know that I am about to die; shall you ever think of me when I am gone?" "Oh, yes, darling," sobbed his wife, "I can never forget you, and I will ever see that your grave is kept green." "Yes, my dear, I know you will; but I have one last request." "What is it, dear?" "Do not keep it that vulgar, low-down, common green, like Simpson's grave, which is so distasteful to the eye. Keep it a rich, delicate olive green."

### GRANT'S BELIEF.

Rumor That He Has Become a Spiritualist.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—It is learned from sources of the highest authority, that Gen. Grant and his wife have been recently converted to spiritualism in its most pronounced form. This statement comes from two ladies, one of whom has a national reputation for culture, attainments and position in society, while the other is likewise a lady of great prominence, publicly identified with the advocacy of spiritualism, and who is not only welcome, but the petted guest, in some of the finest of Gotham's palaces. It is stated that both General and Mrs. Grant first became interested in spiritualism and its doctrines from being present, by invitation, at seances held in Fifth avenue and Murray Hill mansions. From being mere spectators they gradually developed into investigators, until they finally found themselves in full accord with followers of the spiritualistic school. The unquestionable authority from which the information comes is also authority for the additional statement that only the fear of public ridicule prevents the General from acknowledging and championing his new-found faith.

### Washington Items.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The Republican Senators who met in caucus Tuesday morning, failed to reach any understanding as to the reorganization of the Senate. Another caucus will be held soon.

In the drawing of seats this afternoon the Cincinnati members were rather unfortunate, their names being drawn late. Follett's seat is pretty far back, but in front of the Speaker, while Jordan got a seat well in front, but at the extreme corner at the Speaker's right. There's quite an Ohio colony on the Republican side, the two Taylors, McKinley and Robinson having seats together.

Major Ben Perley Poore received a dispatch from New York this morning stating that Senator Anthony had passed a quiet night, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had placed a special car at his disposal whenever he is able to come to Washington.

A resolution calling for an investigation of the murders at Danville, Va., during the recent election is being prepared and will probably be presented in the House at an early day. Its passage will, of course, be urged with great vigor by the Republican members.

### THE PRINTERS' STRIKE.

The Kellogg Office to be Boycotted By the Union.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 4.—The printers' strike at the Kellogg Newspaper Union Office, contrary to report, has not been satisfactorily adjusted. Of seventeen compositors who went out, only Hall and Baker returned, and the remaining fifteen have since applied to join the Typographical Union, which organization now proposes to antagonize the Kellogg office. An effort will be made through the secretary of the Chicago Typographical Union to make a union office of the establishment here, and that failing, the office here will be boycotted.

### Martin's Remorse.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 4.—Miss Ober, manageress of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, expressed sympathy when shown the story of Martin's eastern escapade and said remorse had evidently overtaken him, for false malicious statements made during the trial. She says he tried suicide several years ago, owing to irregularities in his accounts as clerk in a merchant tailoring establishment, for which fact he had been forbidden his father's house and expulsion from the Adams, a social club in the village.

### Charles Francis Adams' Swindlers.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—James Stevens, alias "Fat Jack," arrested in this city a few days ago for confidence operations, turns out to be the rogue who swindled Charles Francis Adams out of \$80,000 in checks and notes about a year ago. The thieving fraternity of Chicago are trying hard to save him from punishment. His case will be decided to-day.

### Closing the Dance Halls.

DODGE CITY, Kan., Dec. 4.—The dance halls were closed last night for the first time in eleven years. No excitement prevailed although the streets were crowded with people. Mayor Dyer announces that he will swear in fifty extra police if any trouble is probable to-night.

### The Milwaukee Fire Bugs.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 4.—Fire bugs attempted the destruction of Adolph Heller's extensive sausage factory. The two upper stories were badly gutted, containing about 22,000 pounds of sausage meat. The entire work was damaged to the extent of \$25,000. There is an insurance of \$22,000 upon the building and contents in Eastern companies.

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